

JEAN ELIOT'S LETTER

A Chronicle of Society

SURAN DEAR: Such a pretty wedding—the marriage of Gladys Mackay-Smith and William Bell Watkins, to be sure—and such a sweet bride! It was so unaffected the way she put her hand out as she knelt at the altar and held her sister Virginia's hand. It was touching, too, for there has been a rarely tender bond between the two sisters, and they will feel even the partial separation which her marriage will entail.

So narrow are the aisles of St. John's Church that Mr. Watkins and his bride, with her maidens, could scarcely come out abreast; but one could forgive that for the sake of the pretty sentiment connected with Gladys' marriage in the church of which her father was rector for so long.

Her wedding dress, with its lovely family lace, was one of the handsomest I ever saw, she wore a splendid diamond ornament on her corsage, and seldom have I seen such wonderful lace as that in her veil. I liked the fine-looking well set up ushers; I liked the bridegroom particularly, and I did admire the look of race and breeding which distinguished the bridesmaids as well as Mrs. Mackay-Smith's handsome daughters. The attendants' frocks were made after a charming fashion and the color scheme blue, with rich yellow for the maid of honor and armful of yellow roses for them all, was both pretty and becoming.

For the rest, there was something particularly appealing about the wedding music—I do love the boys' voices—and the way the chorists made accompaniment for Mr. Paddock's impressive reading of the prayers. Mrs. Marshall, Helen Mackay-Smith, sat beside her mother in the front pew and watched her little girls who were a huge success in the role of flower girls.

Marie Stevens, whom I had not seen for a long time, was there, with her father, Major Stevens, likewise, the Tuckermans, Adelaide Heath, Carolyn Nash, Billy Merry, Ralph Hill, and on the way out I met Georgia Schofield looking very summery in a garden hat and a light-colored frock, of chiffon, I think. But if I start talking about guests I'll have to send my letter by parcel post.

Doing a Good Turn.

Every once in a while something happens in this dear city of ours that renews your faith in humanity. Yesterday I was walking along F street and saw a little procession of girls, half of them in girl scout uniforms and half wearing that uniformity of dress and hat trimming which screams "orphan asylum" whenever you see it. They all filed into the Columbia Theater. I was curious to know what the girl scouts had to do with orphans. It seems that fifteen or twenty little girls of one of the troops, Troop 20, I was told, have formed the habit of taking part of their Saturday holiday to "do a good turn" by taking an orphan out for a lambchop.

Just think of these young ones, each very seriously borrowing an orphan for the day and blowing in her own carefully hoarded pennies on ice cream sodas and motion picture shows! It was perfectly killing to see them. Each little girl and her orphan formed a separate party, and each girl scout regarded it as her sole duty to see that her particular orphan had just the kind of spree she seemed to need the most. They do this every Saturday when the weather is fine. When it isn't they do something else quite as nice. Last Saturday, when the day was horrible, they pooled their pennies and sent a basket of fruit to the Tuberculosis hospital. In fact, they took the fruit there themselves so as to save the expense of delivery, and put the money saved in more fruit!

The girls thought out the plans themselves, and put them into operation without saying anything to anybody but their troop leader.

The President and Mrs. Wilson showed up smiling at the Marshalls' second reception on Monday night—and this after I'd been commiserating them for being barred by their exalted status from accepting invitations for pleasant parties not given in their honor! "Yes, I can feel for the gentlemen," "on the hill," who alluded to "the 'eaten down there at the White House' and met remonstrances with a scornful 'Don't you know your Kipling?' 'The 'eaten in his blindness how down to wood an' stone.' An' don't obey no orders, except they are 'is own.' The first line may not apply, but I'll be hanged if the second doesn't."

At Least a Surprise.

I learn, however, that this revolutionary departure is neither revolutionary nor a departure, that in former Administrations it has been the custom for the President to drop in for a few moments at the Vice President's official receptions. Mr. Roosevelt attended Mr. Fairbanks' parties and Mr. Taft was nearly always present when Vice President "Sunny Jim" Sherman and Mrs. Sherman gave their entertainments. Nevertheless, the arrival of the President and Mrs. Wilson was no less a surprise to the hosts than to the assembled guests and it would be hard to tell who was the more pleased over the affair. Naturally Mr. and Mrs. Marshall were much complimented. The President grinned like a school boy at stealing a march on his hosts and seemed to particularly enjoy the entire absence of the usual pomp and ceremony which mark his arrival at a function of this sort.

The Wilsons were by no means alone in showing up smiling at the reception. Everyone else who was not there, on the previous Monday—and a good many who were—did likewise, including representatives of the diplomatic staffs of the "central powers." Mrs. Marshall must have followed the White House lead in asking the allies to her first party and the central powers to her second. I did not see the German ambassador, but the counsel of the embassy, Hansel von Haimhausen, was in evidence, likewise his colleague, Baron von Schoen, Baron Zwielenek, chargé d'affaires for Austria-Hungary, and the Turkish Charge and Madame Hussein Bey. I noted the Chilean Ambassador and Madame Suarez-Mujica, and certainly the ambassador looked tired to death, as if he needed the long vacation on the score of his health—which he is to

MEMBERS OF CAST IN "THE GYPSY PRINCE"



Left—BARONESS LILY VON WINKLER and MISS RUTH ANDERSON, whose "Firely Dance" will be one of the daintiest "bits" of "The Gypsy Prince."

take. He scarcely moved all evening from the chair, in which he established himself as soon as he had greeted his hosts, but watched the dancers and chatted with the acquaintances who dropped into the chair next to him from time to time.

Center of Interest.

The Wellington Kees were also among the diplomatic contingent, and as usual were the center of a sort of benevolent interest—they look so absurdly young to be a minister and chateaine of an important legation. In the course of a recent call, I was amused to hear Mrs. Kees being enticed by a large and bedesigned female. "Do you like Washington?" They always ask that—and then: "How nicely you speak English. Did you study it before you came to America?" This to a girl educated in this country, a graduate of Columbia University, who had palmed twice the education and breeding of her interlocutor.

Doesn't that patronizing attitude toward foreigners make your blood boil? Mrs. Kees, however, was perfectly serene and gracious, and answered each question with entire seriousness. I suspect she can answer most of them by a formula by this time. She is to have her first formal reception on Thursday, and I am looking forward to it with much pleasure.

But to return to our mittens—Mrs. Marshall's party, I wish you might have peeped in. It was a gay scene, indeed, with the little tables and great striped umbrellas about the walls of the ball room, the many yellow lanterns, and the strong contrast of the yellow and black hangings striking a note at once brilliant and informal. And Mrs. Marshall is such a dear!

Justice McKeen was there and a number of other notables who had come from Mrs. Marshall Field's dinner. This was given in honor of the Secretary of State and Mrs. Lansing, and was quite a marvelous party. The eighty guests were seated at two long tables, the one distinguished by a marvelous service of gold, with flowers in great profusion, charmingly arranged. Moreover, there was real conversation, and after dinner came Madame Gullbert's delightful recital. Dancing wound up the evening.

With the dinner, which Secretary and Mrs. Redfield gave for the President and Mrs. Wilson on Tuesday evening, the series of official Cabinet dinners drew near its close. There remains, in the regular order, only that of the Secretary of Labor and Mrs. Wilson, the Lanes' postponed from February 22 to March 17, and the Garlisons' postponed sine die. I wonder if General Scott, Secretary of War ad interim, will see fit to dine the President; if his successor, should one be appointed soon, will feel that the department owes the Chief Executive a dinner, or if the series will go down to history one dinner shy?

At a bridge party which I attended recently one of the guests opened her bag and brought out two packs of cards, a pencil and a score pad. "You see," she explained, "I have attended scores of charity bridges this season and some part of the necessary paraphernalia is always lacking. Therefore I'm always prepared for emergencies." It reminded me of Dorothy Wilby, who used always to carry a pocket adding-machine to bridge parties with her. It added the scores with unimpeachable accuracy.



MISS GEORGIA SCHOFIELD, who will have an important part in the musical comedy.

and great dispatch, to be sure, but on the other hand interest in watching its wheels go round was apt to transcend the interest in the game. The machine, by the way, was purchased for use in connection with a numerical puzzle contest which was being conducted. But in spite of its able assistance, I am obliged to record that the Wilbys did not win the contest.

News has reached Washington of the appointment of Arthur Campbell Turner, sometime of the United States diplomatic service, to a Lieutenant in the British army. Mr. Turner is the son of Mrs. Thomas Theodore Turner, whose home is in New Hampshire avenue below Dupont Circle, an uncle of the Waterman girls, one of whom is now Mrs. George Worthington, and a cousin of Julia Hayt Colquitt. He was for some time attached to the American Embassy in Madrid, and it was there in 1910 that he won the famous golf and polo trophy presented by King Alfonso.

The tournament or meet, or whatever may be its proper designation, was an event of no little importance and, of course, there were individual prizes galore for both golf and polo; but the King's cup served as a sort of "sweepstakes" trophy for the man who made the best score in both sports and this Mr. Turner won. It is a wonderful thing, a beautiful golden cup of graceful shape with the arms of Spain engraved upon it, and Mrs. Turner, who keeps it for her son, counts it among

TODAY'S BEAUTY TALK

You can make a delightful shampoo with very little effort and for a very trifling cost if you get from your druggist a package of canthox and dissolve a teaspoonful in a cup of hot water. Your shampoo is now ready. Just pour a little at a time on the scalp and rub briskly. This creates an abundance of thick, white lather that thoroughly dissolves and removes all dandruff, excess oil and dirt. After rinsing, the hair dries quickly, with a softness that makes it seem heavier than it is, and takes on a rich luster and a softness that make arranging it a pleasure.—Adv.

her most treasured possessions. Mr. Turner is a fine, big, upstanding chap and a bachelor, but unfortunately—particularly since this is leap year—he has seen fit to spend most of his time in England since he left the diplomatic service. The Turners are all St. Louis people. They are descended from Capt. Theodore Hunt, of the navy, who managed to leave no inconsiderable fortune to his children; and, like everybody who is anybody in St. Louis, are kin to the Lucas family.

Mrs. Adelaide Worth Bagley, Mrs. Daniels' mother, celebrated her fiftieth wedding anniversary last week, and it chanced to fall upon Wednesday, when the ladies of the Cabinet were receiving with Mrs. Lansing. Mrs. Bagley was among those assisting the hostess and held court during the afternoon in the wonderful library or living room, with its rare and beautiful things collected from all over the world, which is the most delightful spot in the house. Of course, Mrs. Foster, who has herself filled the role of wife of the Secretary of State with grace and distinction, received with her daughter. Altogether Mrs. Lansing's experiment of gathering the ladies of the Cabinet together under one roof was very successful. Should the innovation be followed next season—the reception might be progressive as well as co-operative, the Cabinet homes in rotation being thrown open to visitors—it would be a step toward the simplifying the intricate business of calling. Moreover it might result eventually in the general custom of official hostesses receiving to-

gether in large or small bodies, much after the fashion which has been observed of late in large hotels where official folks congregate.

There was almost as constant a stream of callers at the Foster residence next day to congratulate that distinguished statesman, John W. Foster, Mrs. Lansing's father, on his eightieth birthday anniversary. He was swarmed with telegrams from all over the world and—but of course you read of the famous decoration, the Order of the Golden Grain, which the Chinese Emperor had bestowed upon him.

Around the Bowl.

How we did crowd about the punch bowl at the last hop at Port Myer! Not for the sake of the punch, if you please, but of mixing a right royal brew over there, but to take a look at the Fifth Cavalry's splendid regimental bowl. It isn't quite new, its purchase having been prospected three years ago when the regiment was stationed at Schofield barracks, but this was the first time it had ever been used at one of the hops.

Truly it is a beautiful thing, very large, very heavy and quite plain save for the inscriptions and the Fifth Cavalry coat of arms engraved on both sides. It stands on a square base and seems worthy to rank with some of the storied "plate" of the crack British regiments.

One day this bowl, too, will be historic, for it has inscribed on one side the names of all the officers who were in the regiment at the time of its purchase and on the other a roster of every engagement in which the regiment has participated since its formation in 1865. There are silver punch cups to go with it, one for each officer in the regiment, from the highest to the newest "infantryman," and each man has his name engraved on his cup. When he leaves the regiment his successor's name is engraved under his own.

Wednesday's dance was particularly nice, even for Port Myer, and parties on the post are always good fun. Ever so many people went over from town, indeed, I don't ever remember seeing quite so many dancers on the floor and there was a number of interesting dances beforehand. Debutantes by the dozen, Ellie Lejeune, the Chase girls, the two little Raybauds, with their distinguished father; pretty women by the score and such pretty clothes! Indeed there was a conspicuous absence of that fin-de-siècle look which frocks are apt to take on this time of year.

May is a dainty little person and was ever so chic from the sparkling combs in her hair to the soles of her little feet, by-the-by, seems not to be abating and I've given up trying to guess which are real gems and which are only glitter.

Wore Charming Frock.

I was ever so surprised to see Edythe Howard, for usually she can't be persuaded to come within flagging distance of a dance. She was with May Adams, who chances to be her aunt, although it seems rather ridiculous to think of her being anybody's aunt, and the two girls seemed to be having a wonderful time. Edythe was in gray—a charming frock, and most becoming.

Also, I saw Esther Denny, who is back in Washington for a visit. She has, it seems, been here for about three weeks, first with the Eldridge Jordans and later with her aunt, Mrs. H. R. Lemly, wife of Captain Lemly. Indeed, she is planning to spend the rest of the winter with Mrs. Lemly. On this particular occasion she was in a party with the Britton Brownes, the Harry Kites, the Charlie Hagners, and the Brownes' guest, Jefferson Grange, of Dayton, Ohio. He is an attractive, interesting chap, with a flaming red head.

The Brownes, by the way, have given up their apartment at the Dresden and have taken the residence, 1917 Twenty-third street, where they have been installed for about a month. They are just out of most distinguished British father and his brother, Jesse. Mr. Brown wore at Port Myer a crown of emerald-green velvet and white tulle, which accentuated her striking and rather unusual type of good-looks.

View Bryant Pictures.

Although the exhibition of Wallace Bryant's portraits which will be held at Moore's gallery this week, has not yet been officially opened, a score or more of fashionable folk dropped in yesterday and the day before for a private view, particularly for a peep at the portrait of the Rev. Dr. Roland Cotton Smith, which he has just completed and which has been pronounced a remarkable achievement.

There is a bit of coincidence attached to this painting of Dr. Smith's portrait by Mr. Bryant. When the artist was a young man just starting out in his profession, he did a portrait of Bishop Phillips Brooks, which created quite a stir and first brought him into prominence. At the time Mr. Smith was assistant to the Bishop. The two men became acquainted then and have not met since until Mr. Bryant was given his commission to paint the distinguished clergyman's portrait.

Mrs. Smith is planning a tea party and a private view of the portrait as soon as the present exhibit closes. She is charmed with the work and she is by way of being a judge, for in addition to knowing something of art she has for a standard many remarkable canvases of her forbears, the Olives, who played prominent part in the history of Massachusetts, by such masters as Copley and other famous American portraitists.

Mr. Bryant is a Bostonian of the Bostonians, and many of his finest canvases represent distinguished New Englanders. He is showing a stunning portrait of Dr. Alfred Worcester, who was a chair at Harvard University, and another of Charles Bruen Perkins. His "Boy in Brown Velvet," Robert Dick-

erman, is a fascinating piece of work, then there's a portrait of Carl Kauffmann—but the pictures are too many and too interesting for me to touch upon them. Moreover, his exhibit contains several delightful landscapes.

Hunting a Studio.

Since shutting up his house in Boston and his country place nearby several weeks ago, Mr. Bryant has been stooping at the Cosmos Club. He is thinking seriously of making Washington his headquarters in future and is now studio hunting. His portraits have been shown at the club for the past month or so and it was in response to the request that he place them somewhere within reach of those not fortunate enough to belong to the club that the present exhibit was arranged.

And now let me tell you something else of interest about this very interesting person. He is one of the greatest authorities in the country on archery and he is hoping when spring comes to persuade Washington folk to take an interest in his hobby. He has always given his services just for the pleasure he takes in the graceful sport, has arranged archery contests at various girls' colleges, notably at Wellesley, where he put up a splendid cup and gives individual prizes every year, and altogether he has been largely instrumental in working up a revival of interest in this country.

Captured Trophies.

At one time Mr. Bryant held the amateur championship of America, but he coached his younger brother, George Phillips Bryant, and Henry B. Richardson, both Harvard boys, so successfully that they lowered all existing records in this country, and then proceeded to clean things up in England. Mr. Richardson, if you please, took the championship of all England and won the ancient Scottish arrow, a trophy for which they have been shooting for over 119 years.

Mr. Bryant's sister is Sara C. Bryant, whose delightful stories for children I'm sure you know, and who is an authority on story-telling for children.

I wouldn't for anything have missed two recent occasions when I saw the Belasco playhouse full of the dearest youngsters. You know how we adore them—even other people's—when they're dressed up, dainty and on good behavior. Well, if you had seen Miss Minnie Hawke's dancing pupils put on the musical fantasy, "Do You Believe in Fairies," on Friday, you would have thought all the children in town were there, and all at their best—such an audience!

Also, such a production! Book, music, lyrics, all were written by Minnie A. Saxton, a Washington girl, who is certainly an all-around genius; she's little

more than a child, and step of writing the whole piece she took the leading part and was perfectly bewitching. Miss Hawke directed it all, and the dancing by those children, from 3 to 14 years old, was simply marvelous.

Visit to Fairies. The operetta deals with a little maid that fell asleep over a fairy book and dreamed. Her toy rabbit, Nebo, came to life and took her to visit the fairies, promising the trip would bring her happiness. Alice in Wonderland didn't see any more wonderful things.

Miss Saxton sang a particularly delightful solo, "I'm Searching for Happiness," which she found after traversing Fairyland, meeting the spring, the summer, the autumn and the winter fairies and getting happier as she progressed, until in the last scene she came upon happiness its very self, in Santa Claus' toyshop. There were two boys caricatured as Teddy bears that all-

(Continued on Tenth Page.)

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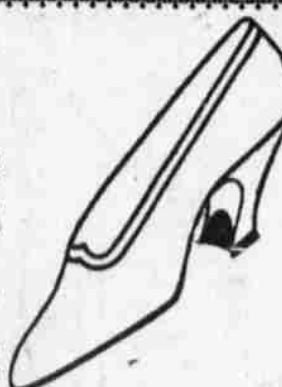
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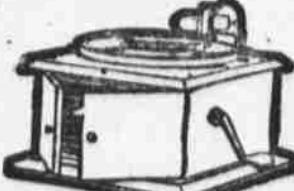
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